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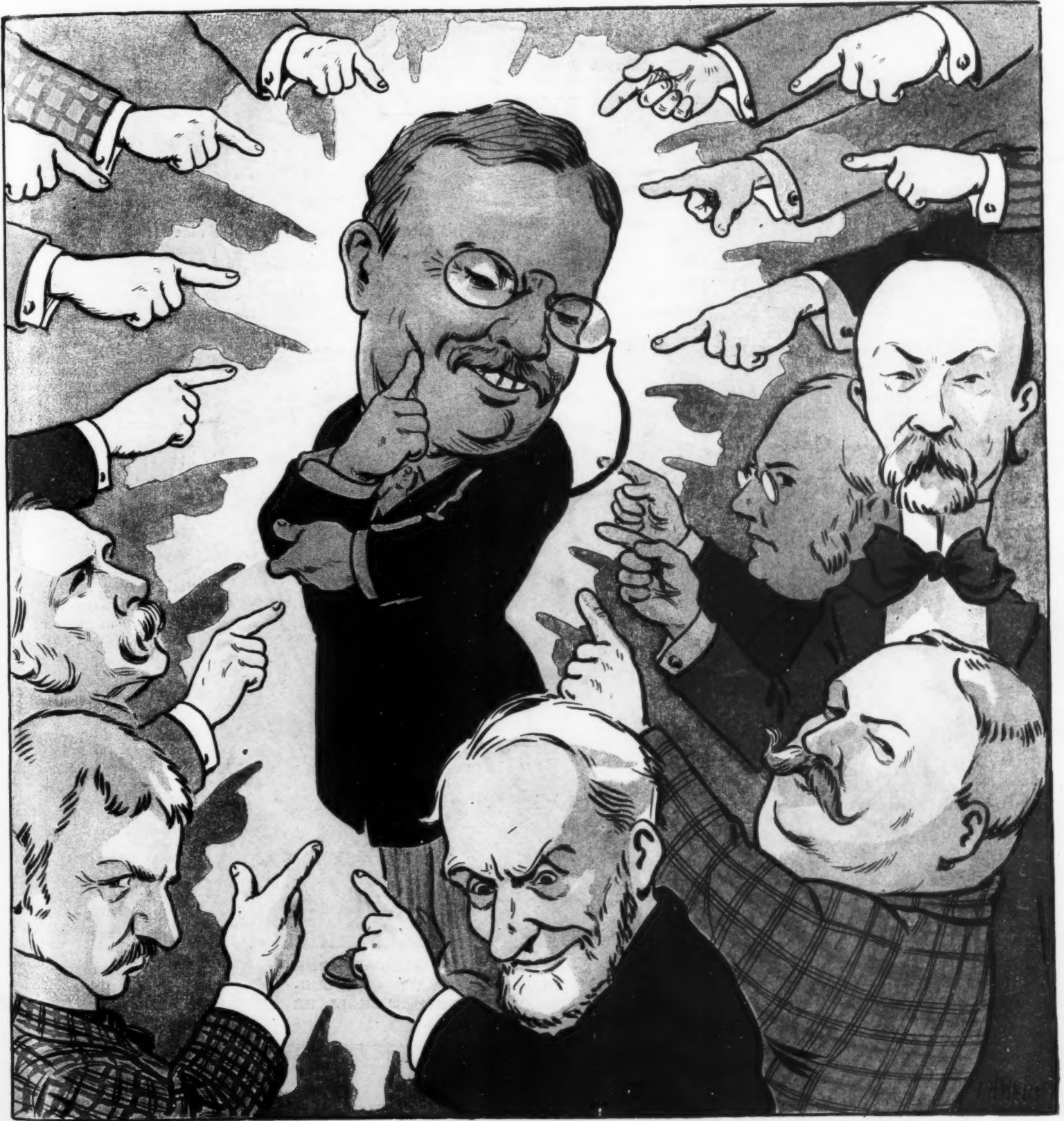
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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as second-class Mail Matter.



THE PUCK PRESS

"WE POINT WITH PRIDE."

THE SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.



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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THE KEYNOTE which Mr. Ruzvelt sounded strikes our ear as a trifle flat.

THE SUCKER FISHING in Illinois will continue good. Dowie and Voliva have made up.

THE UNDERSTANDING between Hearst and Murphy may be another of those "gentlemen's agreements" we hear about.

JIM CREELMAN, in *Pearson's Magazine*, makes out Hearst to be a tin godlet on wheels.

Jim can't help it. The panegyric habit is as strong with him as the drink habit with some other men.

THE WAVE of indignation over the doings in Packingtown seems to have subsided. But a few of us are still fighting shy of tinned stuff.

BY THE way, what has become of the conspiracy of Brander Matthews *et al.* to disemvowel the English language? Not that it matters. — Page 10.

Ruzveltized just after page 10 went to press. Not that it matters.

THERE HAS been a let up in the Thaw slop which the newspapers have been ladling out. A few chambermaids and milliners' apprentices may be sorry.

NEW YORK once had a nine that could play baseball. — *New York Sun*.

Until they changed to mouthball.

"HEARST is like Murphy, a man of no ideas and importance." — *Mr. Jerome*.

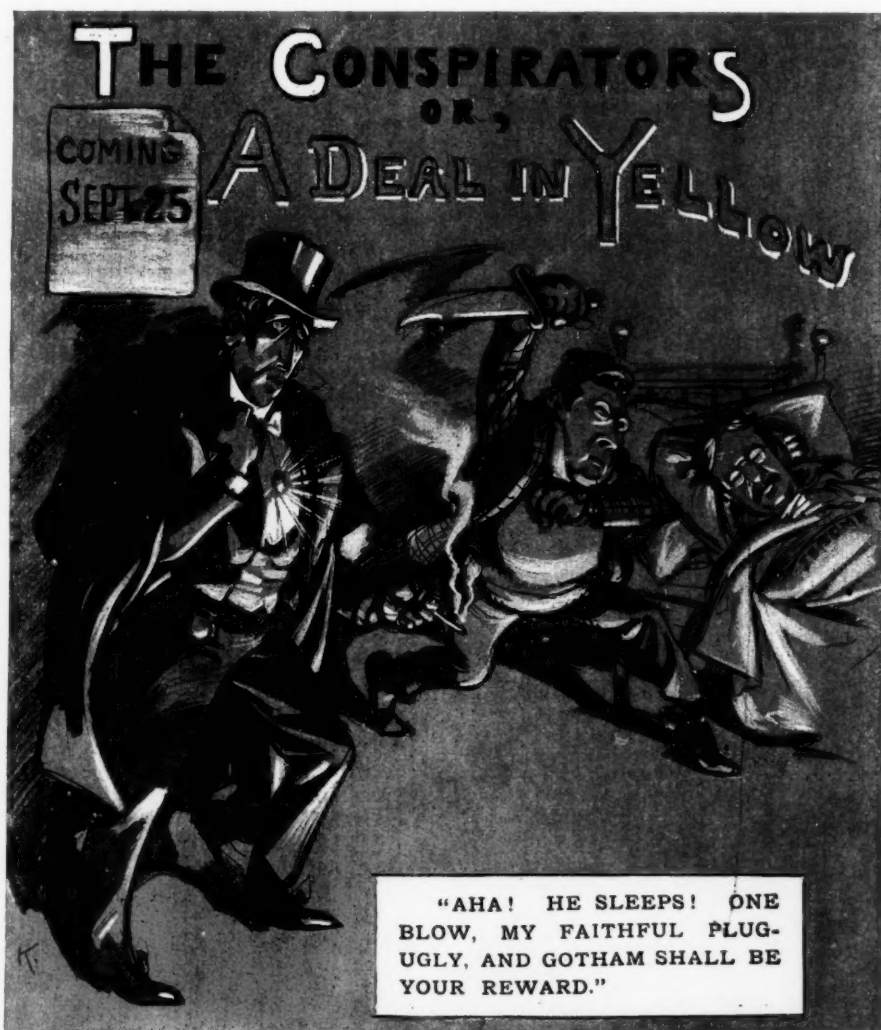
But a man of a great deal of brisbane.

THE PRESIDENT can write in Chinese if he wishes. The newspapers will translate and print in English.

WHY DON'T our young Socialist friends join the Mormons? Then they can have as many wives as they please.

IF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE can keep people from worrying—well, Christian Science has done that much good, anyway. — *Holton (Kan.) Signal*.

Or, as a Bronide would say: "We believe in Christian Science to a certain extent."



THE GOLDBRICK TWINS.

HEARST AND MURPHY, IN THE GREAT POLITICAL THRILLER, "THE CONSPIRATORS."

Now, if Nelson Dingley instead of Noah Webster had put the dictionary together, Mr. Ruzvelt would have thought it politic to stand pat on the English language.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S published remarks are a clear case of "money talks." What he says is always inconsequential and usually inane. Give us a rest.

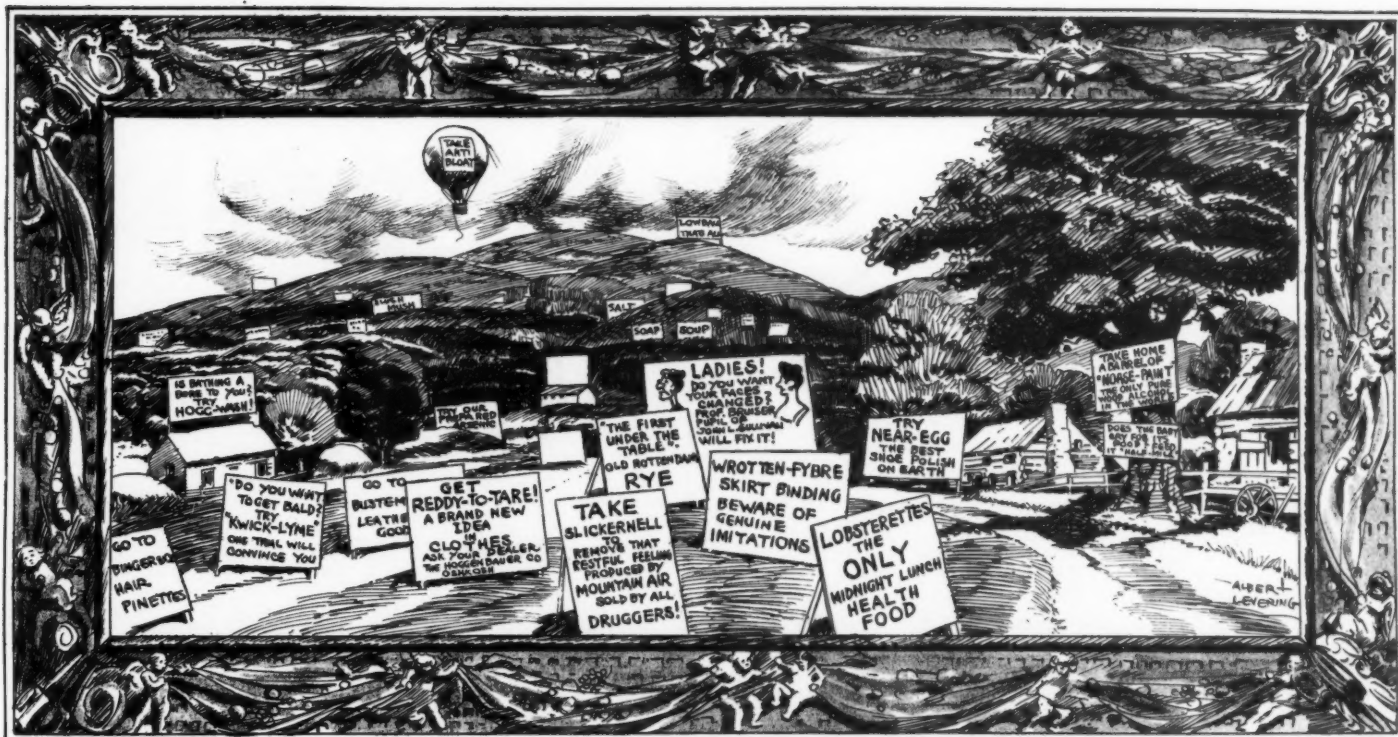
LOOKING OVER Republican platforms to date, we observe that the party, from the President down, is of this conviction:

"We believe unalterably in Protection, but —"

A HOOSIER AUTHOR has been arrested. Hold him. — *Chicago Post*.

What's the charge? Splitting infinitives, or using a plural noun with a singular verb?

"WE CONFIDENTLY predict a large sale," announce the publishers of Marie Corelli's latest. Surely. There are enough plumbers and country barkeepers to exhaust one large edition.



AMERICAN LANDSCAPE—IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



YOUSE.

I 'll never be no guy uv fame,
Oh little rag uv mine;
I won't be high guy in de game—
Dat ain't along me line;
But if ye're willin' fer to try
An' if you won't refuse,
I 'll hustle like a busy guy
Fer Youse! Youse! Youse!

I 'll never have no wad uv cush,
But w'ile I 'm livin', rag,
Dere won't be no one in de push
Dat 's loved like youse is, Mag.
I ain't no mug fer flossy talk—
Dat 's w'ere I often lose,
But Maggie, round de woild
I 'd walk
Fer Youse! Youse! Youse!

An' if yu 'll be me honeybun
I 'll do me best to be
De sort uv mug youse want me, hon,
A dam good husband, see!
I 'll try to keep all pain away
An' smood away de blues,
I 'll do de best I kin do, say!
Fer Youse! Youse! Youse!

I 've knowed a lot uv Mollies, dear,
But w'en yer face I seen
I says "I guess it 's pretty clear
Dat she 's de only Queen."
So I fergits de odder bunch,
Fer I has changed me views
An' all de woild, I 've got a hunch,
Is Youse! Youse! Youse!

I ain't no angel child, not yet,
But youse won't never find
No guy dat loves like me, you bet,
Wid all his heart an' mind.
An' after all I ain't so worse
An'—dis ain't any news—
Dere 's nuttin' in de Universe
But Youse! Youse! Youse!

Berton Braley.

PERFECTLY NATURAL QUERY.

DRUMMER (*with newspaper*).—Ah! Another sensational shooting
affray in New York.

LANDLORD (*of the Mansion House, Punktown*).—What show
troupe used the woman belong tew?

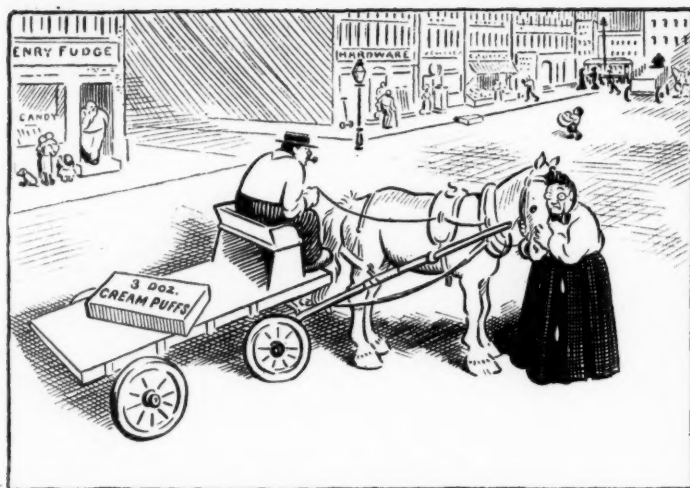
REAL METROPOLITAN.

DRUMMER (*in Jayville bar, tasting beer*).—Suffering sizzards!
Did n't the ice man call to-day?

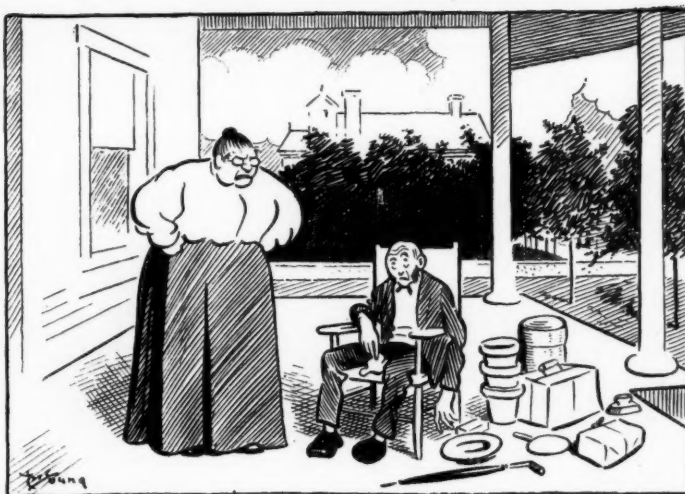
BARTENDER.—Nope. You see, he could n't git anybody
to go his bail!



THE WEATHERVANE.



MRS. PITVCRAK. — O, these poor horses, how I do feel for them! Driver, you ought to be arrested!



SAME WOMAN (to her husband). — Is that all you brought? Did n't I tell you to bring a sack of flour, a lawn mower and a wash-tub? Say!

BUNCOED.

"I s'pose," said Zeb Simmons, in a tone that was meant to be careless, "it might take mebbe a ten t' see around New York real good, 'n not miss anything that was strictly interestin'?" — eh?"

Mr. Simmons stroked his bay hair gently and toyed with his luxuriant whiskers. He shifted one leg across the other one, because the barrel on which he and his esteemed friend Mr. Moriarity, of New York, were sitting, afforded not over much room. However, it was in the shade, back of the barn, and sufficiently removed from Mrs. Zeb Simmons. Very good place for a confidential chat.

"A 'ten'?" said Mr. Moriarity.

Farmer Simmons detected a trace of irony in the iteration.

"I s'pose a ten besides fare both ways," he rejoined: "I'm ready t' let myself eout dreadful — I don't care a durn, ner a cuss, ner a rip, by Gosh!"

Mr. Moriarity, of New York, unfolded and folded again a blue silkolene handkerchief with a dexterous flip and a couple of handy passes, re-inserting it in the coat pocket of his elegant plaid suit. Then he looked his dear friend, Farmer Simmons, directly in the eye.

"Say, my boy, if youse wanten see the reel New York with a reel sport, come with me: but" — here Mr. Moriarity leaned closer — "I'm yer friend: don't think fer a minnit of leavin' Tosselville with less than twenty kerplunks, and fare both ways!"

"Gosh!" said Mr. Simmons; hushed awe was in his tone.

For full two minutes he reflected.

"Say," resumed Mr. Moriarity, lighting a cigar and blowing the

first whiff in a fitful gust from the left hand corner of his mouth, "Say, if youse take twenty fer fun, and twenty fer fare, that makes yer bank account forty shy, — see?"

"Gee!" said Mr. Simmons.

"But, my boy," — here Mr. Moriarity slapped Mr. Simmons fondly on the knee and pushed him off the barrel — "My boy," — Mr. Moriarity at this point spoke with profound impressiveness — "do it, and I'll never see ye suffer: transfer yer bank account from Tosselville to New York City and invest in a big scheme me and friends of mine is opening on lower Third Avenue in the heart of the financial section of the metropolis —"

Mr. Moriarity paused, suddenly. Mrs. Zeb Simmons stood before the gentlemen. She requested Mr. Simmons to chop some wood, at his exceedingly early convenience. Mr. Simmons departed, with a gleam of intelligence in his eye.

"Mr. Moriarity," said Mrs. Simmons, in a persuasive, ringing tone. "I'd be obliged ef yeou'd let me have the board money for the week that's up t' day — and I presume yeou'll stay a little longer with us —" we air delighted t' hev yeou —"

Mr. Moriarity paid.

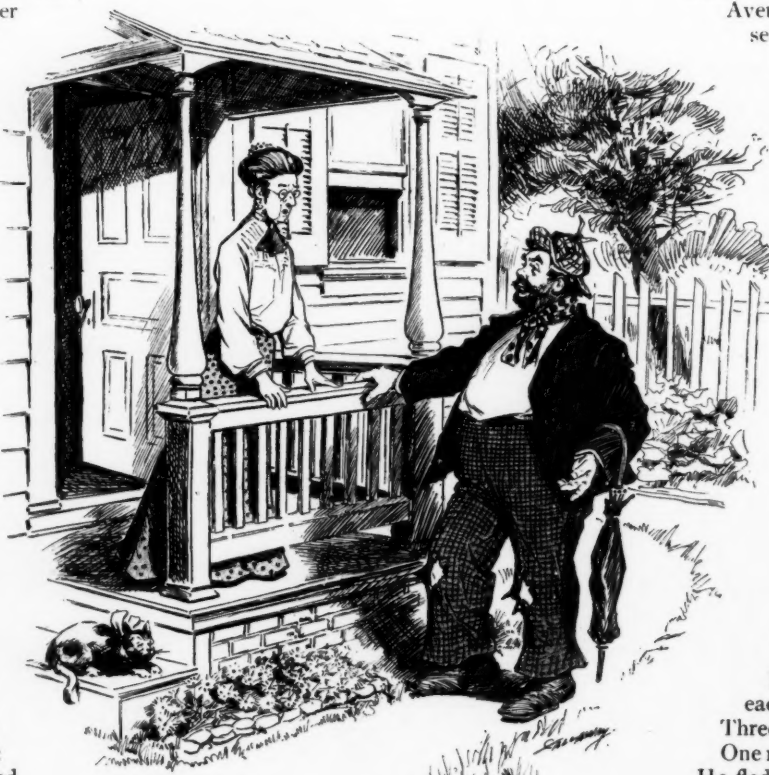
Five weeks fled. Tho' Mr. Simmons seemed on the very brink of drawing all his money from the Tosselville Savings Bank and accompanying his dear friend Mr. Moriarity to New York, yet each week he waited until the next. Three weeks more passed pleasantly. One morning Mr. Moriarity woke up. He fled from Tosselville in haste.

"Mother," said Zeb Simmons, "how much profit did yeou clear from Mr. Moriarity's visit?"

"Fifty dollars for ten weeks, all told," answered Mrs. Simmons, gently: "We fed him mostly on beans, an' I don't reckon they was worth much."

"Well," said Zeb Simmons, stroking his guileless whiskers, "mebbe his experience was."

Fred. Ladd.



A CLOSE CALL.

DISHY BILL. — I hesitate to ask you concerning such a matter, but a glance will show you the state of my trousers at the knees; and, Madame, if you have an old pair —

ANGELINE ANTIQUE (acidly). — Miss, if you please.

DISHY BILL. — Ah, yes; excuse me! — an old prayer-rug, which you have discarded, I was about to say, it would be thankfully received.

We who are not famous should not plume ourselves on that. In addition to the gems of purest ray, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear also a quantity of rubbish.

PUCK



IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

PUCK



OUTCLASSED.

MR. TUSKLEY.—This is where you lose again, Simmy, me boy.

MR. SIMIAN.—Aw, what's the use of bucking against you! I'd get all the money, too, if I had a trunk full of cards to draw from.

A CONCLUSIVE REPLY.

STAN' UP, muh bruddren and muh sistahs — stan' up for de faith dat am in yo', and don't be ashamed!" sententiously remarked good old Parson Bagster, in the course of a recent Sabbath morning's sermon. "When de prognostic and de in-fiddle 'saults yo' wid deir sarcastics and deir incinerations, brustle right up to 'em! Give 'em de troof, and give it to 'em red-hot fum bofe bar'ls! Dess de udder day, down dar by de post-office, I was uh-'sailed by one o' dese yuh half-educated young yaller prognostics dat's allus uh-pesterin' round whuh dey is n't needed, and says he:

"'Pahson,' he says, dess like he had m'lasses candy in his mouf, 'if it's de devil dat incriminates all de trouble and misery dat's in de world, and de Lawd am so goshlemighty all-pow'ful, like dey says He is, w'yn't He take a day off fum His udder 'pawtant business and kill de devil, slick and clean, and stop all dis yuh trouble for good and all? Dat's what I wants to know, sah; and I does n't want yo' to dodge de inquisition, needer!'

"Well-uh, muh friends, yo' old pastah did n't dodge — nussah, not so's yo' could notice it! He dess brustled up, yo' pastah did, and give dat 'ar paltry prognostic bofe bar'ls, simultaneous and consecutive!

"'W'yn't de Lawd kill de devil, uh?' says I. 'W'yn't He? Uh-kaze, little man,

down dar in de slough o' sin and de sass-pool o' 'nickertyso deep dat I kain't skurcely see yo' a-tall— uh-kaze He's got so much o' dat 'ar 'pawtant business yo' dess spoke about on hand dat He ain't got no time to spar' to take keer o' de hundreds and thousands o' orphans dat would be left if He was to whale in and kill off de gen'leman wid de hawns and stickery tail. Dat's w'y, sah; dat's diametrically w'y!'

"And de crowd around dess laughed dat 'ar po' little discumbulated prognostic plumb out'n de locality! Dat's it, muh friends; when dey 'saults yo' wid deir 'per-tinences give 'em bofe bar'ls!'

Tom P. Morgan.

ANECDOTE OF SAPPHO.

BURNING Sappho had loved and sung till her fingers were inked all over and her cigarettes were gone. Quite by accident she fell into a train of moody meditations concerning the iles of Greece.

"The trouble with the iles of Greece," she sneered, while she fastened her piercing gaze upon her feeble lamp, "anyway the kind you buy of the grocers, is that they are half water."

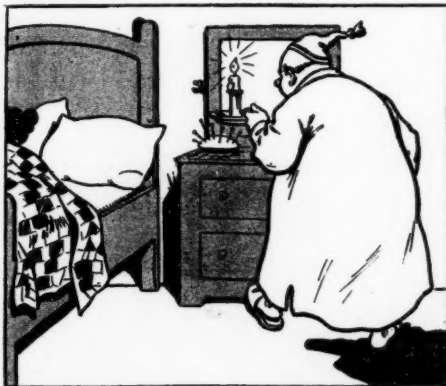
However, she had no notion of invading the field of the ten-cent magazines, simply to get even with the iniquitous Standard Oil Company.

SCOTCHING THE SERPENT.

"**I**T is because this paper is conducted in the interests of the common people that we have begun and will wage to the death our war against graft."

And having finished his leader for the day the editor O.K.ed a patent medicine ad., slipped the sixteen circus tickets in the top drawer and carefully blue-pencilled an unpleasant item about the leading drygoods merchant.

GETTING ON HIS PINS.



I.

THE TRUE COURSE OF LOVE.

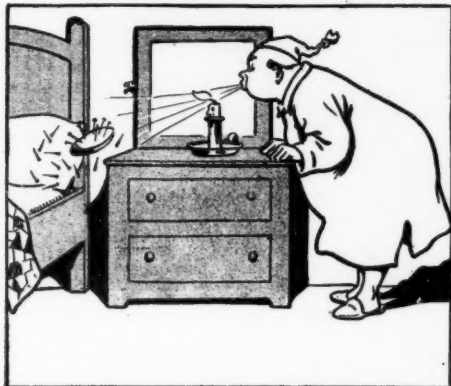
THERE was a lass in our town,
Shut tight her lovely eyes,
And jumped into a bramble-bush,*
And when, to her surprise,
She saw what she was up against,
She merely cried: "Oh, bother!"
And shut her lovely eyes once more,
And jumped into another. †

* Matrimony † Litigation.

NOT ALL ETIQUETTE.

WILLY WISHYWASHY.—What are the proper calling cards, old chap?

JACK POTTS.—It depends entirely on the cards that are out against you, old chump.



II.



III.



IV.



Ballad of the Extra-Special Sale

MY LADIE has donned her hat and veil
And she's ta'en her purse in hand
And she's off to the Extra Special Sale
Where the luring tickets stand:

"One Dollar and Five — marked down
from Two,
(It's just the thing for a bride)"
"This Line a Winner and Strictly New,
(With the Trading Stamps beside)."

The crowd is swarming like one o'clock
Or rats at an open bin.
Now Heaven preserve my Ladie's frock,
For she has butted in!

She's wormed her way to the nearest clerk
And elbowed it hit or miss;
She's fingered a piece of fancy-work
And said, "How much is this?"

She's opened a road to the Paris hats,
And she's criticized the style;
She's had a couple of windy spats
With the man in the centre aisle;



She's rambled through the hardware dept
And sneered at a frying pan;
She's seen the counter where silks are kept
And ogled the rugs from Dan;

And now she has climbed to the topmost floor
Where they sell upholstery,
And she's pinched a Davenport hind and fore
And scratched the mahogany.

Heaven be praised! She's edged and fought
Till she's past pianos and shoes;
She's grazed the section where books are
bought
And kittens and cockatoos;

And now she is out in the air again
And wearied of wind and limb;
She's lost a glove and her chatelaine.
And her hat is out of trim;

Her waist is minus a gaudy bow,
Her fur is less its tail —
But she's saved a quarter on calico
At the Extra Special Sale.

Horatio Winslow



THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

W. BAILEY (from the smoke-house).—Dem thievin' niggers woan
let 'er man keep nothin'!

MRS. BAILEY.—W'at yo' miss, now, Bill?

W. BAILEY.—Las' night Ah put 'er padlock on
dis doah, an' some triffin' pusson's done
stole hit.

COMING TO HIM.

"LET ME see! What are Senator
Smugg's initials?"
"I have forgotten what they are,
but I know that one of them is
very likely to be 'Ex' in the
near future."

THE ONLY WAY.

BROWNE.—You asked
your wife to go with
you to the matinee, and
then got tickets for the
evening?

TOWNE.—Yes. You
see, I really want to see
the show, and she will prob-

ably be ready to go to the matinee in time for the evening
performance.

HURTING THEIR BUSINESS.

HOGAN (with paper).—It's sez here, Mike, that most desayses cure
thimselves, if let alone.

CONLEY.—Shure, thin, that explains plwhy all docthers consider
it their dooty t' fight desayses!



"P'TENDING."

MRS. MCALLEY.—I see yer poor Nora's teeth do be achin' her agin.
MRS. MCLANE.—Whist! The child is playin' automobile.

Don't unnecessarily offend the rich, for in these days of Unparalleled Prosperity no one can foretell when he will contract a violent case of affluence.





IBETAKERS BOTH.
T'S ONLY A QUESTION OF SIZE.

PUCK



THE FIRST MOTOR BOAT.

September Sauce.



GUESSING what the public wants for the purpose of giving it to them—in politics, literature, drama, or breakfast food—is an interesting game. And those that play it best are often at a stand, wondering whether, after all, they know anything about it. The editor of a thriving ten-cent magazine lately confessed to us that after visiting Atlantic City he felt like resigning his position and entering the leather business. "Why do people go to Atlantic City?" he queried. "What possible reason have they for swarming there by thousands? I am afraid that I do not understand the public; that I am not in touch with them."

Then there is the esteemed *Century Magazine*. Ed Howe snorts in his *Atchison Globe* that "The *Century* is running a serial that is dull enough to lose the managing editor his job." A Boston newspaper some years ago remarked wearily: "It seems as if the *Century* got duller, and duller, and duller." They tell the story of a short-story writer who, passing through Union Square one day, suddenly clutched his companion by the arm, whispered "Sh-h-h!" and walked on tiptoe for a block or more. "I was afraid," he explained to his wondering friend, "I was afraid we might wake up the *Century*." Nevertheless, the *Century* is a good magazine and is prosperous. Thousands buy it—and thousands don't. It is the same with horseshoe crabs. An ancient Connecticut mariner confided to us, in speaking of horseshoe crabs, that "thousands eat 'em—and thousands don't." Fortunately for the purveyors to their majesties the public, the public is fond of dull serials, dull watering resorts, horseshoe crabs, and a multiplicity of other things.

One thing that the public is inordinately fond of is newspaper news; and as it does not make a penny's-worth of difference whether the "news" is true or not, the purveyors of it do not take the trouble to label it. Just when the newspapers received



SPIRITED MUSIC.

TEACHER.—Let us now sing "Little Drops of Water," and please put some spirit into it.

their first real news about the Valparaiso earthquake we do not know, but for days after the quake all they got was the gossip of the wires; nothing came out of Valparaiso. But no journal mentioned this fact. It was not necessary. The gossip of the wires served as well.

Nowadays, great statesmen "sound the keynote" of a campaign in various casual and informal ways. President Roosevelt selected Mr. Watson as the confidant of his meditations on stand-patriotism, but we should not have been surprised if Bill Sewell had been the chosen vehicle of his platitudinous conclusions. To wit:

DEAR BILL:—Thanks for your invitation to take a crack at the deer this fall. I'm just aching to knock over a buck, but I'm afraid I shall have to "pass the buck," as my poker-playing fellow-statesmen say. Now, as to tariff revision. I am unalterably opposed, etc.

Speaking of Kentucky feuds (which Mr. Rockefeller has interested himself in, between rounds of golf), there is one effective way of putting an end to them. Pass a law compelling every Kentucky mountaineer to walk backwards.

If we were Mr. Bryan we should take another trip abroad this fall, and remain abroad until the summer of 1908. Age cannot wither Mr. Bryan's infinite variety, but two years of limelight may.

By the way, what has become of the conspiracy of Brander Matthews *et al*s to disemvowel the English language? Not that it matters.

Bert Leston Taylor.

COMPENSATION.

IF there were no public maladies, for our country to fall ill with, what would there be, in that event, for the magazines to fill with? And what would the reading classes have, their leisure hours to kill with?

HIS IDENTITY

"PAPA, what is a 'gentleman of the old school?'"
"One, my son, who insists on having Bright's Disease when he can abundantly afford appendicitis."

IN ERROR.

THE devil watched the man pack his head in ice, next morning, with no small interest.

"I think he's mistaken," said the old serpent, at length. "At all events, I don't recall ever having felt like that."

Fortunately, however, winter intervenes from time to time to check the Summer Girl in her headlong flight toward a positively outre limit of elaborate simplicity.

PUCK



MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

WILLIAM.

IN HIS vicinity there was a sombre halo. As he sat on the front steps any pleasant morning surveying the universe, no one could have guessed that his father was one of the most confirmed old reprobates of all the tiger cats in the neighborhood, and his mother the most flighty young blonde thing on the block. She was far more kittenish than William, and had less principle. Though he had only reached the lank, half-grown stage, when his tail had yet little expression, and waved aimlessly toward the housetops, William's face possessed a certain thoughtful gravity that stamped him as a cat worth while. He was none of your children of sin, sorrow and wail. He kept his mouth shut, his paws clean and his conscience extant. A fine example for many an older cat to follow.

William's steps were brown stone. The house was of eminently respectable appearance, even for Forty-second Street. In the eternal fitness of things, a cat less cleanly and decorous than William could hardly have been permitted to sit on these fine front steps morning after morning. One time a dog who thought William looked easy came up the steps suddenly. He descended hastily with William on his back. This was the only time in William's existence he had ever been known to smile. Even then, there was only the slightest momentary relaxation of the tiger stripes across his countenance, and a single humorous twitch of the ear. Gravity, profound and beneficent at once commanded his features again.

William's best friends were among human kind rather than in feline circles. He was not popular with the frivolous roisterers of the back yard. William's dark tiger stripes across his face, and the variegated blonde beauty of his legs were altogether pleasing to his mistress, whose days were spent in conscientiously playing the piano and admiring William. Miss Bernice Berwick was blonde, too. And as natural as William. Her fluffy sun-gold hair streamed like a dream of delight when William assisted at her toilet mornings, prior to his airing on the front steps. He always sat on the left

hand side of her dressing table, and sang very gently. At night, when Miss Bernice Berwick came home from theatre, William was master of ceremonies in the boudoir. He rose from the place where he had lain curled precisely in the middle of the snowy white counterpane and gravely perched himself upon the broad brass bar at the foot of Miss Bernice's luxurious bed. From this point of vantage he viewed his lady and his love until she came to him in shimmering white, enfolded him in her fair, soft arms, and gave him his nightly petting before the last incandescent was turned out with a snap, and the tiger cat, and the dear lady, sweetly slept.

William did n't think much of Bernice Berwick's young man, from the first. He saw all he wished to see of him when he saw him as little as possible. Though William politely listened to his mistress when she murmured sweet nothings in his ear relative to her young man, his gravity of facial expression increased. He was not enthusiastic.

The evil day came at last. The very day that William attained his majority, Bernice Berwick became the bride of Gerald Stankerfield, and went away from home several weeks. William merely waited. He slept where the two had slept; for he was still a privileged cat.

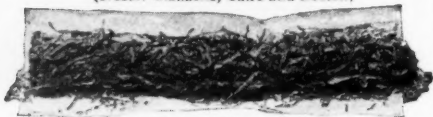
But, in the course of events, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Stankerfield returned to New York, and came one day at dusk unto the same little old boudoir that had been the resting place of Bernice Berwick and William. Stankerfield smoked a cigarette and William swore beneath his breath. Never before had he so hated a human being. Stankerfield presently produced a cuckoo clock. When William heard that, he leaped through the window to the balcony, made yet another flying leap for the broad front steps beneath, and was gone.

At midnight, such a yowl went up from the front steps beneath the boudoir of Bernice Stankerfield as might waken one who slept even the sleep of the just. Fair, sweet, tearful, in clinging robe of white, Bernice stood at her window and looked steadfastly without. A chorused wail arose, and sound of revelry. William was there. But not alone. He, too, had married.

Fred. Ladd.

"NESTOR" Cigarettes

(Nestor Gianacis, Cairo and Boston)



CUT ONE OPEN

They will bear the most careful scrutiny. Examine the tobacco. You will find it always uniformly even in its perfection. No stems or lumps—nothing but long shreds from the most tender leaves of the finest tobacco grown in Turkey. "Nestors," as now made in America, are exactly the same in every respect as those to-day being made in Cairo, Egypt. They have all the characteristics that have made "Nestors" the standard of cigarette perfection throughout the world. Remember, in selecting an Egyptian cigarette, it is the tobacco inside you smoke—not the ornate Egyptian scenery printed on the label of the box.

Sold by Clubs, Hotels, and Dealers the World over.

"Nestor" Cigarettes retain their natural flavor and aroma much better when kept in bulk, and, therefore, we advise purchasing in tins of 50s and 100s.

"NESTOR" SPECIALTIES:

Extra fine "Moyen" size in 50s and 100s. \$4.50 per 100
"Kings," 22 carat gold tipped 20s, 90c.; 100s, \$4.50
"Queens," 22 " " " 20s, 80c. 100s, 4.00

If any of the above are unobtainable locally, we shall be pleased to furnish same on receipt of price.

Write for brochure "The Story of the Nestor."

NESTOR GIANACIS COMPANY
294 Roxbury Street, Boston, Mass.

THE RETORT BITTER.

"Why, how d'ye do?" said the barber to his one-time customer.

"How'd'y," snapped the latter.

"You're a stranger. I have n't seen your face for a long time."

"That's odd. I left most of it on your razor the last time I was in your shop."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

KEEN SCENT.

JOKELEY.—My wife's scent of smell is so keen that once when I just happened to mention the word "whiskey" during the day she noticed it on my breath when I got home.

POKELY.—Oh, come, now!

JOKELEY.—Fact. I—er—mentioned it to a bartender.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

MENNEN'S

BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER
After Shaving.

Insist that your barber use Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat, all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Wilson—

The only whiskey that places a complete, guaranteed analysis on each & every bottle—
See back label!

That's All!

QUANTITY, NOT QUALITY.

CHURCH.—What do you think of your wife's voice since she took music lessons?

GOETHAM.—It's no better; but there seems to be more of it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WHAT THE VILLAIN SAID.

"Yeh," said the first gallery god, describing the melodrama, "the hero done the villain up all right, but the villain would n't admit it."

"Chee!" exclaimed the other.

"No," the first continued. "De last woids he said was, 'I am undone.'"—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE complaint from England that our cigarettes are unwholesome appears to leave absolutely nothing but our money on the acceptable list.—*Washington Post.*



THE REASON.

"What caused their divorce?"

"Why, her yearning capacity was much greater than his earning capacity."

If you need a bracer in the morning try a glass of soda and a little of Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You'll be surprised how it will brighten you up.

A LOTTERY.

DOCTOR PHAKER.—Take this prescription; it will either kill or cure you.

PATIENT.—But suppose it kills me?

DOCTOR PHAKER.—"Nothing ventured, nothing gained." My motto is, "No cure, no pay," so I'm taking a chance as well as you.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE COMMON FAILING.

How mad we get when one begins

To name our faults and jeer them.

We love to overlook our sins,

But hate to overhear them.

—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

THERE is this much to be said about the faithfulness of man: Every time he builds a castle in the air he puts a different woman in it.—*Atchison Globe.*

Hammer the Hammer Accidental Discharge Impossible

Every owner of an Iver Johnson has a double feeling of safety—safety as to protection of life and property, and absolute safety as to accidental discharge; for there is but one way to discharge the

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

and that is to pull the trigger.

In addition to the safety features of the Iver Johnson is the knowledge of absolute reliability and accuracy and dependable quality.

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3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish,
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grip

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"Shots"

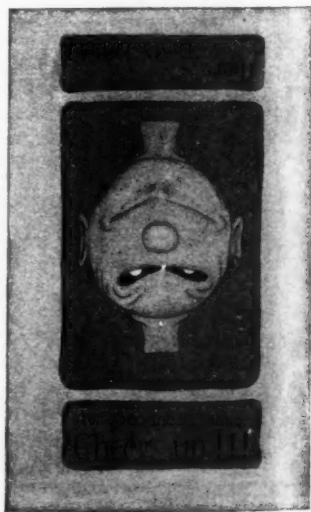
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WITHIN THE TRUTH.

"Look here!" cried the victim, "you said that house was only a stone's-throw from the station."

"Well?" replied the real estate man.

"Well, it's more than half a mile."

"Is that all? Many's the time I've seen a blast in a quarry throw stones for a mile or more." — *Philadelphia Ledger*.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

DERITER.—Wouldn't you like to read this new book of mine?

KANDOR.—No, thank you.

DERITER.—It's Cleverley's latest novel. I just bought it—

KANDOR.—Oh, let's have it. I thought you meant you wrote it. — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

NO FRENCH DISHES.

"I'm surprised at you, a college graduate can't read a French menu card!" said a father to his son.

"We did n't study French menu cards in college, dad. We only had Chicago canned stuff," replied the boy. — *Yonkers Statesman*.



Miller HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle BEER

Individuality and Character in Beer—mean Quality. 99 per cent of all Beers have no character whatever. They are just common Beer.

Our "High Life" Beer has strictly a character of its own—a taste of its own—found in no other beer.

It has that perfection of Beer Taste, that Superiority of Quality, that "Miller" taste.

Where does Miller "High Life" Beer get that character and individuality.

First: From the high quality of our Malt, and the process of preparing same.

Second: From the process of brewing, used exclusively in our brewery. Our own process, perfected by experience.

Third: From the superior and exclusive quality of our yeast.

You may not understand all that we say here, but if you will order a bottle of "High Life" Beer and drink it, you will very quickly perceive that the Individuality and Character of our Beer spells Superiority of Quality.

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish lasts, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Bar Keeper's Friend



THE POPULAR NUMBER.

"How many have you caught?"

"Aw, twenty-ree!"

Nothing will quicker revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.

HOT ENOUGH TO BAKE.

BACON.—I don't think he's half-baked.

EGBERT.—I don't know why not. His wife has always made it hot enough for him. — *Yonkers Statesman*.

THE LESSER EVIL.

"I don't see how she could possibly be sillier. She giggles so constantly."

"Well, if she did n't giggle all the time she might talk, and perhaps that would be worse." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

SHE.—I think when a man marries he should give up his club.

HE.—Gracious! Why, that's just the time he needs it! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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Lowest Factory Prices

Keep Your Children Well and Happy
All the medicine in the world won't do it,—what they need is a health building, fun making
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The car that makes and keeps the boys and girls bright eyed and rosy cheeked. "Geared" for speed. Safe, simple, rubber tired, easy running. Look for the name "Irish Mail" on the seat.
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imparts to the skin that smooth, healthful, refreshed feeling which only a pure, antiseptic shaving soap can give it. It is "The only kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for a Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A., Glastonbury, Conn.

THE girl who is going to be married in October says that there has been a great deal written about love, but nobody has yet done full justice to the subject.—*Somerville Journal*.

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

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PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

VACATIONS.

This is the gay vacation time,
When people go away,
And work hard to enjoy themselves,
As long as they can stay.
They swim, and drive, and play at bridge,
And read, and rest, and walk,
And talk, and talk, and talk, and talk,
And talk, and talk, and talk.
Meanwhile the others, left at home,
Pursue their daily tasks,
Perform the usual routine,
And wear their usual masks.
But oftentimes they're glad to find
They have much less to do,
And with the others absent, they
Get their vacation, too.

—*Somerville Journal*.

HE AGREED WITH HER.

"After all," remarked Mrs. Inswim, "home is the dearest spot on earth."
"It is," answered her husband, who was engaged in auditing the month's bills.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

THE golden rule for the housewife in the preserving season is: Never put off until to-morrow what you can put up to-day.—*Somerville Journal*.



NOT A MACGREGOR, ANYWAY.

"Is that a real Scotchman, do you suppose?"

"I doubt it. I've been watching him for ten minutes and he has n't scratched himself once."

Milo The Egyptian Cigarette of Quality

At your club or dealer's
SURBRUG-Importer

AROMATIC DELICACY—
MILDNESS—PURITY

CHEAP INFORMATION.

GYER.—If a man is n't feeling well he is foolish to hand a doctor two dollars to ascertain what's the matter with him.

MYER.—Why do you think so?

GYER.—Because he can find out free of cost by perusing a patent-medicine almanac.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"



"Our old and faithful friend,
We are glad to see you."

—Shakespeare.

Trimble
Whiskey
Green Label.

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HIS THOUGHTS.

His vacation was over. As the train puffed cityward he looked thoughtful. "Thinking about the girl you left behind you?" inquired a fellow traveler.

"Not exactly. I was thinking about the wad."—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

PROPER PARTY.

"And now," said the young man who loved and won, "I suppose it's up to me to ask your father."

"Oh, that is n't necessary," replied the only girl; "just put on a bold front and seek an interview with mother."—*Columbus Dispatch*.

Follow up the beneficial effects of your vacation and fortify your health to withstand the campaign of work and worry by drinking

EVANS' ALE

It will keep you in the path of good health and robustness and impart a vigor and refreshing solace to both brain and body.

Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Dealers.

NOT TO BE FOOLED.

There was an absent minded professor in a western university who used to take long walks in the evening. One night while he was walking alone in deep meditation he collided with a cow.

Thinking it was his friend, the school teacher, he politely doffed his hat and made a low bow, saying: "I beg your pardon, madam."

After walking a little further he really did collide with the school teacher. Recalling his previous experience, he exclaimed in utter disgust, "Is that you again, you old cow?"—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

JUDICIAL WISDOM.

"No," said the gray-haired judge, "I'm not in favor of women on juries." "Why not?" queried the young lawyer.

"Because," answered the venerable judge, "we have too many disagreements as it is."—*Columbus Dispatch*.



LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX —GREEN AND YELLOW—

THIS FAMOUS CORDIAL, NOW MADE AT TARRAGONA, SPAIN, WAS FOR CENTURIES DISTILLED BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS (PÈRES CHARTREUX) AT THE MONASTERY OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, FRANCE, AND KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS CHARTREUSE. THE ABOVE CUT REPRESENTS THE BOTTLE AND LABEL EMPLOYED IN THE PUTTING UP OF THE ARTICLE SINCE THE MONKS' EXPULSION FROM FRANCE, AND IT IS NOW KNOWN AS LIQUEUR PÈRES CHARTREUX (THE MONKS, HOWEVER, STILL RETAIN THE RIGHT TO USE THE OLD BOTTLE AND LABEL AS WELL). DISTILLED BY THE SAME ORDER OF MONKS WHO HAVE SECURELY GUARDED THE SECRET OF ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS AND WHO ALONE POSSESS A KNOWLEDGE OF THE ELEMENTS OF THIS DELICIOUS NECTAR.

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ATCHISON PECULIARITIES.

What has become of all the old-fashioned warts? Who has them? Have you got any?

What has become of the old-fashioned man who had a tooth pulled and took the tooth home with him?

A boy thinks: "What a good time a man has!" And a man thinks: "What a good time a boy has!" And what a bum time they both have.

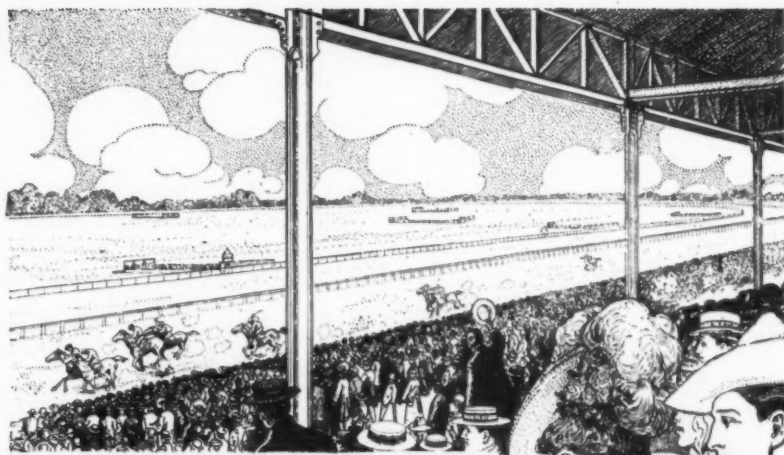
When a woman has company, don't sympathize with her. She probably brought it on herself by going visiting.

It must be as great a feat to have all of a little girl's petticoats the same length, as it is to have everything that goes on the stove cooked at the same time.

"I wish," said a woman to this reporter to-day, "that you could hear my girl play the piano. She plays as well as a mechanical player." That is high praise, but we don't care to hear her.

No, Daysey Mayme Appleton's porch is not filled with young men callers every night. That which passers-by take for cigars in the dusk are bits of punk which she has lighted and stuck up to give the impression that they are cigars with young men behind them.

In the books when a girl marries, and goes away, her old room is left just as she left it, that she may come back to it at any time. Not so in real life; the other brothers and sisters have a quarrel as to which shall have her room the day her engagement is announced, and some one has moved in before the wedding party has reached the gate.—*Atchison Globe*.



The most critical judges—those whose appreciation has been developed by long familiarity with the very best the world has to offer—are unanimous in their choice of

MURAD CIGARETTES

The full flavor and exquisite mildness of the Murad is the result of expert selection, careful maturing and scientific blending of the finest and rarest Turkish leaf.

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No finer place can be found than the Adirondacks in September.

The air is cool and bracing, the scenery beautiful and the sense of perfect rest that comes with the night is delightful.

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C. F. DALY,
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SOMETHING IN A NAME.

Mayor Dunne has ten children, and naturally he is spending his vacation at Paw Paw.—*Chicago Post*.

NOTHIN' DOIN'.

THE HOBBO.—Please, mister, will youse gimme a few pennies for me starving wife?

OLD BACHELOR.—Not me. In the first place I have n't got any pennies; in the second place I have no earthly use for a starving wife, and in the third place I don't want a wife anyway.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

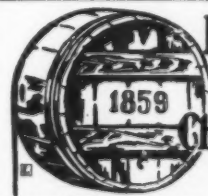
NOT FRIGHTENED.

STERN MOTHER.—When George proposed to you, did you tell him to see me?

"I did," replied Gladys, "and he said he'd seen you several times but that he liked me just the same."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

DID you ever see a bald-headed man who did n't try to look as if he could use a hat-pin to fasten on his straw hat, if he wanted to?—*Somerville Journal*.

SPEAKING of the Pure Food bill, all the grocers' bills will be pure food bills some day, let us hope.—*Somerville Journal*.



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Champagne

YOU can tell it by its effervescence, transparence and fine flavor.

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Imperial
EXTRA DRY
Champagne

is grape juice fermented in the cask, and then aged in the bottle at least two and a half years.

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